



Chapter 33 Mini yellow bikini

Catherine's POV

"Swim?" I asked. "I don't..."

Sam held out my yellow bikini, and I gasped, blushing.

"You saying," Sam asked, moving his eyebrows up and down. "You can swim, can't you?"

"Yes, but..."

I didn't bargain for swimming today. It's not that I can't; it's that I can. I learned to help myself in and out of a pool at the rehabilitation centers. Swimming helped, and I enjoyed it. That was the only place I felt I could move freely without anyone's help.

"I will help you get dressed," Sam said, and Grey growled at him.

"Stop it, Sam!" Colt ordered. "Go! Now! Cool off, you too, Grey! Go!"

"But..." Sam started to argue, but Grey grabbed him around the neck and pushed him toward the water.

"That was intense," I said, wide eyed.

"Don't mind Sam," Colt said; "he's the youngest and dumbest among us. Grey, and I still don't know how he ended up as the third pup in my mother's womb. I am sure he was swapped in the hospital."

I chuckled, finding it amusing. Sam looked like his brothers; there was no way that he was swapped, yet he was a bit rough around the edges, and I think it might be that everyone treated him as a baby and he never learned to take responsibility for his actions.

Colt always took charge as the eldest and Alpha, and Grey was Colt's wingman and Beta, doing what needed to be done. Colt hasn't really given Sam any responsibilities that I can see, except maybe to bring me

some clothes and a skimpy yellow bikini.

I eyed the swimsuit and shook my head. That will only create complications if I wear it.

"I doubt that," I said. "The resemblance between you three is very spot on."

Colt sighed, shaking his head, and took a seat next to me on the blanket.

"I know," he said, staring at the water. "That's the problem."

Jimmy had joined Grey and Sam, and the three were diving and playing in the water.

"Why?" I asked. "Sam is just a bit rough around the edges; maybe you should give him a bit more responsibility and the benefit of the doubt."

Colt combs his fingers through his thick black hair.

"If it was that easy, I would have," he said seriously, "but Sam is Sam; he usually messes up everything he touches."

"He is still your brother," I argued. "Maybe try seeing things from his perspective."

Colt threw his head back and laughed, and the sound was so pure that the other three turned and looked back at us.

"If I did that," he said, and a teasing smile followed on his lips, "I would be walking with a boner the whole day. Sam is a lover, not a strategist or a warrior."

"And I guess you and Grey are those?" I asked seriously.

"Yes," he said, nodding his head.

"It sounds like you are a bit jealous of your younger brother," I teased.

"How can I be?" Colt asked, surprised, "I like myself."

"Do you, now?" I chuckled at Colt's facial expression.

"Yes, I do."



"I think you are jealous that he knows how to flirt," I argued, "and you don't."

"That's about all Sam can do, and..."

"And?"

I was interested to know what Colt's feelings were toward his brothers. It also gave me insight into why they wanted me to choose only one.

Have they thought about the fact that I needed to reject two and how much pain I would be in?

"Nothing!" Colt said, and he found my gaze.

I got lost in his deep blue eyes, feeling as if I was stranded on a boat in the middle of the sea. His scent clouded my senses and the sexual tension and attraction grew at every ticking second.

My gaze moved to Colt's lips. I so wanted to taste them. Will they taste as delicious as I imagined they were going to?

I slowly licked my lips, feeling how his gaze was sending so much energy toward me that I secretly shivered.

Is he trying to kiss me?

Will I allow him?

The thought made me feel afraid and excited.

Wasn't this moving too fast?

"Kiss her, Colt!" Jimmy yelled, followed by Colt's brothers.

F*ck, Colt's whole existence was sucking me in.

There were things that I wanted him to do to my body, and I could see him doing them to me.

Was he f*cking me with his eyes?

This was going way too fast!

Or was it?

Colt brought his head closer, and I automatically closed my eyes.

F*ck! He was going to kiss me, and then I would give in.

I could feel Colt's aura pushing into mine. And it was sweet heaven like our auras were making love.

I shivered feeling it.

"Here," Colt said, and my eyes flew open, a bit confused.

Was I so out of it that I missed our first kiss?

I looked at the swimsuit in Colt's hands.

Did he just bend over and grab that?

I took an embarrassing breath and looked away, feeling my face fluster even redder.

Colt tenderly moved my chin to look at him, and sparks burned where his fingers touched.

"I will not kiss you until you tell me you are ready," he said, "and yes, I do react to your touch, more than I make you believe. The same goes for my brothers. But I promise you, we will not do anything that you are not ready for or comfortable with."

"Thank you," I squeaked, embarrassed.

"Now," he said, getting to his feet and pulling a towel closer. "Let's get you dressed."

"But..."

"Kate," he said, being serious, "we are here to have fun and to have fun together with you. We want to get to know you, and from what I heard, you like having fun and are always adventurous. Don't let the chair stand in your way of letting loose."

Wise words, but that wasn't what I was afraid of.

"I am just scared that this will send mixed signals," I said, lifting the skimpy swimsuit.

Colt chuckled, understanding. A huge bulge had already formed in his swimsuit, which I could clearly see.

"I will not lie to you," Colt said seriously, looking a bit uncomfortable as I saw his growing member. He didn't try to hide it though. He wanted me to see it. I tried not to look at it, but it seemed to grow bigger every second.

"That mini yellow bikini will drive us insane, and we will openly lust after you if you wear it, but if you are not comfortable wearing it openly, you can always borrow my shirt."
